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The BLACK TERROR

NO. 12

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The BLACK TERROR

BOB BENTON, YOUNG AMERICAN DRUGGIST, AND HIS FRIENDS TIM AND JEAN GO WEST FOR A QUIET HOLIDAY AND FIND A MORE GRUESOME ADVENTURE THAN EVEN A CITY MIGHT OFFER! FOR A FIENDISH, BULLETPROOF CREATURE KNOWN AS DR. GHOUL SPREADS A GHASTLY HAVOC OVER THE WIDE-OPEN PRAIRIES, AND ONLY THE FAMOUS COMBINE OF THE BLACK TERROR AND TIM CAN SMASH HIM AND HIS EVIL SERVANTS!

IN HIS DRUGSTORE ONE MORNING, BOB BENTON RECEIVES A LETTER!

IT'S FROM MY UNCLE RICHARD BENTON IN WYOMING··· WANTS ME TO COME OUT FOR A VISIT TO HIS RANCH AND BRING A FRIEND OR TWO! WHAT DO YOU SAY, TIM?

SOUNDS SWELL, BOB!··· AND MAYBE THIS TIME IT'D BE NICE TO *INVITE* JEAN OURSELVES! IF WE DIDN'T, SHE'D MOOCH IN ANYWAY!

YOU DON'T SOUND EXACTLY *CHEERFUL* ABOUT JEAN, BUT MAYBE YOUR MANNERS *ARE* PROGRESSING! LET'S GO PAY HER A CALL!

O.K., BOB, BUT DON'T STALL TOO LONG WITH HER! CAN WE START TODAY?

AND BEFORE THE AFTERNOON IS OVER···

WELL, HERE WE ARE AND WE'LL ARRIVE TONIGHT AT NINE! I HOPE YOU TWO WON'T FIND IT DULL··· MY UNCLE'S A QUIET FELLOW AND HE LIVES ALONE!

HE COULDN'T BE QUIETER THAN *YOU*, BOB BENTON! BUT IF HE IS, I'LL JUST AMUSE MYSELF LOOKING AT THE SCENERY!

SOUNDS LIKE A STUPID WAY OF AMUSING YOURSELF!

WHILE BOB AND HIS FRIENDS ARE FLYING, LET'S GO BACK TO WHEN UNCLE RICHIE MAILED THE LETTER TO BOB···!

GOSH, I *WILL* BE GLAD TO SEE BOB AGAIN! I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS GETTING SO LONELY OUT HERE!

HELLO!···GOT A FEELING THERE'S BEEN SOMEONE HERE··· BUT I GUESS I'M JUST GETTING A LITTLE CREEPY FROM LIVING ALONE!

SUDDENLY, A WEIRD FIGURE STEPS FROM THE WOOD CLOSET!

NOTHING LIKE A FIRE TO MAKE YOU FEEL CHEERFUL! HERE WE GO!

COME WITH ME! I'LL MAKE YOU FEEL CHEERFUL! HA! HA!

OH...!

WUMP!

DR. GHOUL LIFTS HIS HAND AND...

COME! TAKE HIM OUT··HE WEIGHS A LOT AND HE WILL BE A VALUABLE ADDITION TO OUR FORCES, EH?

YEAH! HA! HA!

AN ARMORED TRUCK DRIVES OFF, TAKING RICHARD BENTON TO A HORRIBLE FATE!

HIS HOUSE IS EMPTY NOW··IT WOULD MAKE A VERY NICE HEAD-QUARTERS, DON'T YOU THINK?

SURE, BOSS!

WITHIN A CAVE CONCEALED IN ONE OF THE MANY BUTTES...

BUCKLE HIM IN SECURELY, FOR HE MAY AWAKEN!

NAW, HE'S OUT COLD! AND WHEN HE DOES WAKE UP, HE'LL BE ONE MORE OF US!

A RACKING VOLTAGE PENETRATES RICHIE BENTON'S BODY, WREAKING INCREDIBLE CHANGE!

CRACKLE! ZZZZ-ZZZ-ZZZ

AHA!··HE FEELS PAIN NOW, BUT SOON··· EVEN BULLETS WILL NOT MAKE HIM WINCE!

AAAA-AAAGH!

SECONDS LATER, AN UNRECOGNIZABLE CREATURE IS SLIPPED FROM THE ELECTRIC CYLINDER!

LET'S WALK HIM AROUND A BIT··HE DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH YET!

AAA-AAH!

AND LATER, AS BOB AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVE AT RICHIE'S RANCH···

LUCKY WE COULD GET SOMEONE AT THE AIRPORT TO TAKE US OUT HERE IN A CAR! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THERE'S A CAR AROUND HERE FOR A MILLION MILES!

RIGHT, TIM, UNCLE RICHIE DOESN'T HAVE ONE!···FUNNY HE DIDN'T MEET US, BUT HE *MUST* BE HERE! THE DOOR'S OPEN!··· *UNCLE RICHIE!*

THE HOUSE IS EMPTY!

DARN FUNNY, IF YOU ASK ME ···UNLESS HE'S HAD TO GO SEE ABOUT SOME LIVESTOCK SOMEWHERE ON HIS PROPERTY! GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT TILL HE COMES BACK!

IT'S AN ATTRACTIVE PLACE, ALL RIGHT ···BUT SOMETHING SEEMS A LITTLE SPOOKY! DO YOU NOTICE IT, TIM?

NONSENSE, IT'S JUST···WHAT THE···!

THAT DOOR!

CREEAK!

UNCLE RICHIE, ARE YOU HERE? IT'S BOB!··· DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE IN THE ROOM!

NOBODY HERE, THAT'S CERTAIN! MUST HAVE BEEN THE WIND! WELL, TIM AND I WILL TAKE THIS ROOM, AND YOU TAKE THE ONE NEXT TO IT! O.K., JEAN?

ALL RIGHT, BOB!···BUT ···I GUESS I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I WANT TO GO TO BED OR STAY UP ALL NIGHT! I'M FRIGHTENED!

THAT NIGHT, JEAN IS AWAKENED FROM A LIGHT SLEEP!

HE-E-ELPP BOB!··· AAAAAGH!

SILENCE, MY DEAR! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF HURTING YOU!

MY FRIEND HERE MAY THINK OTHERWISE!

WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE!

OH...!

YOU'RE THE FIRST ON MY LIST, BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT THE UGLIEST FACE!

UG! HA! HA!

CRAK!

BOB! JUMPIN' CATFISH!

OH...!

CRUMP!

BOB TURNS, AND SEES A TERRIFYING FACT!

GREAT SCOTT! ...MY UNCLE'S RING!...I RECOGNIZE IT! RICHIE!

AGH!

HA! HA!

CONTACT, RAT!... OW!

BUMP!

HALF-STRANGLED, BOB SLIPS TO THE FLOOR!

WEAKLINGS!... COME, SLAVE! THIS IS ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN THEM OUT OF THE HOUSE, AND THAT'S ALL WE WANT!

BOB! ARE YOU HURT BADLY?

WHO···WHATEVER THEY WERE, THEY'VE GONE!

UNFORTUNATELY! ···I'D LIKE ANOTHER CRACK AT 'EM!··· TIM, I WANT TO SEE YOU ALONE FOR A MINUTE!

RIGHT, BOB!

IN THE NEXT ROOM, BOB AND TIM BECOME··· THE TERROR TWINS!

TIME ENOUGH WE DID THIS! IF WE'D THOUGHT OF IT FIRST··· THEY WOULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED US SO EASILY!

LET'S GET GOING!

THE DRIVER TELLS A FANTASTIC BUT FAMILIAR STORY!

SPLIT-SECONDS LATER···

NOTHING DOING OUT HERE! GOSH, WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

JUST A MINUTE, HERE COMES A TRUCK!

THEY GOT MY SON··· THEY CAME INTO MY HOUSE, TWO ···DEAD-LOOKING MEN, KNOCKED ME OUT AND··· KIDNAPPED MY SON IN A TRUCK! I CAME HERE··· EXPECTED TO SEE RICHIE BENTON!

MR. BENTON'S OUT FOR THE MOMENT!···LET US BORROW YOUR TRUCK··· WE'RE ITCHING TO GET ON THEIR TRAIL BECAUSE···THEY WERE HERE, TOO!

SPEEDY DRIVING BRINGS A STRANGE ARMORED TRUCK INTO SIGHT!

LOOK!···THERE'S A TRUCK AND IT LOOKS ARMORED!

RIGHT, TIM!···TAKE OVER THE WHEEL, MR. FARROW, WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THIS TRUCK OUR PERSONAL ATTENTION!

BUT TERROR AND TIM RUSH INTO A TRAP!

BLAZES! MY FISTS DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH EFFECT!

THAT'S RIGHT! TURN THE OTHERS LOOSE! I WANT THESE TWO!

FORCE OF NUMBERS BRINGS TERROR TO THE GROUND!

WHAT THE··· AH···

SOK!

WE GOT HIM NOW!

TAKE CARE OF HIS FRIENDS, TOO!

NO YOU DON'T! STAND BACK!

MY MEN DON'T REACT TO PISTOLS, MR. FARROW!···TAKE THE GIRL, TOO!

HOW HORRIBLE!

STOP ···UGH!

TIM IS THE LAST TO FALL!

I'LL SAVE YOU, JEAN! ··· AGH!

HAH!

THE PRISONERS ARE BROUGHT WITHIN THE CAVE OF HORROR!

PUT THE OLD MAN IN A CELL··· WE CAN'T USE HIM! LEAVE THE GIRL TO ME AND PUT THE BIG FELLOW IN THE CYLINDER! RIGHT AWAY!

YES, DR. GHOUL!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

PLEASE! WHATEVER YOU'RE GOING TO DO··· DON'T, PLEASE!

EVEN YOUR CHARMS CANNOT BUY HIS SOUL, MY DEAR, FOR I WANT ···HIS GIGANTIC STRENGTH!

OH....

TERROR WRITHES UNDER THE INTENSE VOLTAGE! FOUR MINUTES PASS···

THERE'S NO CHANGE YET! ···CAN IT BE HE IS RESISTING MY MACHINE?···IT IS UNTHINKABLE!

AH···

SNAP! ZZZ-ZZZ-ZZ

DAZED, TERROR IS WITHDRAWN!

WE'LL TRY THE SMALLER ONE··· SURELY HE CANNOT RESIST, TOO! BUT WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!

THEN I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO WASTE IT ON MY FRIEND!···WE'RE MADE OF THE SAME STUFF··· GOOD AMERICAN MUSCLE!

HAH!

VERY WELL, THEN!···I HAVE OTHER MEANS OF GETTING RID OF AMERICA'S BLACK TERROR DUET! AND LISTEN, MY MEN··· AFTERWARDS WE ATTACK THE QUEEN RANCH NORTH OF HERE···AT DAWN! THEY'VE GOT A PAYROLL THAT WE COULD USE!

THE ARMORED TRUCK SETS OUT, LEAVING ONLY THE RANCHER, TOM FARROW, IN HIS CELL!

BOSS IS GOING TO THROW YOU ALL DOWN A GEYSER! HOW YOU LIKE THAT? HA! HA!

A GEYSER! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WHAT GEYSER?

MAMMOTH GEYSER SHOOTS SCALDING STEAM AND WATER FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH!

IT IS ERUPTING NOW, BUT IN FIVE MINUTES IT WILL BE ALL OVER···FOR A WHILE! AND ON THE NEXT ERUPTION, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL DIE, BLACK TERROR!

IF MY HANDS WEREN'T TIED YOU'D REGRET THAT, SKUNK!

THE STEAM DIES DOWN, AND THE THREE ARE THROWN INTO THE SEETHING CRATER!

AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

EEEEK!

SSSS-SSSS-SSS

GREAT GUNS!

TWENTY FEET DOWN···A LEDGE!

STEADY, TIM!

TERROR···DON'T SLIP!

7 SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH DRAWS THE THREE TO THE LEDGE!

WHEW!---THAT'S THE CLOSEST CALL I EVER WANT TO HAVE!

CAREFUL, TIM!--- NOW YOU'RE SAFE!

8 HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW, THE BOILING WATERS PREPARE TO RISE AGAIN!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE THING ERUPTS AGAIN!--- I DON'T KNOW HOW SOON THAT'LL BE, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'D WASTE ANY TIME!

MAYBE I CAN CUT YOUR ROPES WITH THIS PIECE OF ROCK!

THANKS, JEAN! NOW I CAN DO SOMETHING!

THAT'S THE FIRST *USEFUL* THING YOU'VE EVER DONE FOR US, JEAN!

IS THAT SO? --WELL, I'VE A GOOD MIND *NOT* TO UNTIE YOU!

THAT OTHER LEDGE---AND JEAN'S COAT- -MAYBE I'VE GOT AN IDEA, BUT I CAN'T GUARANTEE IT'LL WORK!

WE'RE NOT PARTICULAR, TERROR LET'S TRY IT!

THE FIRST THING TO DO IS GET ACROSS TO THE OTHER LEDGE, IF *POSSIBLE!*

TERROR, BE CAREFUL! ---IF YOU FALL---

9 FAST, DESPERATE LEAP!

NO TIME TO THINK WHAT *MIGHT* HAPPEN!

AT HAIRBREADTH LANDING!

YOU'VE MADE IT, TERROR!

OOF!

AT THE TERROR GIVES ORDERS!

THAT'S IT, JEAN! TEAR THE LINING HALF OUT... THEN SEE IF YOU CAN TOSS IT ACROSS TO ME. ...AND HURRY! THAT STEAM MEANS BUSINESS!

ANYTHING YOU SAY TERROR!

AW I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY YOU HATED TO SPOIL THE COAT!

THEIR WEIGHT BALANCED, TERROR, TIM AND JEAN ARE BORNE UPWARD!

GOT TO REACH THE TOP BEFORE THE WATER ...FOLLOWS THIS!

IT'S BURNING ME!

SSSS-SSS SSS SSS!

RUMBLE-RUMBLE!

Then... THE GEYSER BELCHES THE FIRST JETS OF STEAM!

CATCH IT, TERROR!

RIGHT, JEAN ...TIME TO GO!

MADE IT, BUT HOW I'LL NEVER KNOW!

THANK GOODNESS!

WE'VE GOT TO DASH TO THE QUEEN RANCH, JEAN, TO STOP THAT FIENDISH DOCTOR!...KEEP AWAY FROM THIS CRATER AND TRY TO GET BACK TO THE CAVE...WE'LL MEET YOU THERE!

ALL RIGHT! ...AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES PLEASE!

TWO-MILE DASH, AND TERROR AND TIM ARRIVE ON A TURBULENT SCENE!

LUCKY WE KNEW JUST ABOUT WHERE TO COME · THEY'VE GOT A GOOD START ON US!

WE'LL MAKE UP FOR THAT: JUST DON'T LET THE DOCTOR GET AWAY···HE'S THE ONE WE WANT!

AAAAGH! HELP!

BANG! BANG!

TWIN DYNAMOS INVADE THE BATTLE!

GOT ROOM FOR TWO MORE AROUND HERE?

UGH!

KRAK!

BOP!

SCATTER, BOYS! LET THE HORSES TAKE CARE OF 'EM.

EEE-EEE-EE!

VOOM!

RRR-RRR!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE GHOULS ARE VANQUISHED!

JUST A MINUTE, YOU! ···WE'VE GOT A DATE BACK AT YOUR CAVE!

MBZ··

AGH!

THE RANCHOWNER, THE TERROR TWINS AND THE GHOULS RETURN TO THE CAVE!

THANKS A M··LLION TERROR ··YOU SAVED MY TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR PAYROLL FROM THIS CRAZY GALOOT!

DON'T MENTION THAT, PAL! ···RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO RETURN THESE CREATURES TO THEIR PROPER CAVES AND HERE GOES THE FIRST!

LATER RICHIE BENTON AWAKENS AS FROM A HORRIBLE DREAM!

WOW! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE YOU'VE GOT S··X OF US FREE TERROR AND WE'RE REALLY GRATEF··L ·· I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN MY NEPHEW BOB BENTON ANYWHERE AROUND, HAVE YOU?

CAN'T SAY I HAVE, MR BENTON, BUT HE'LL VERY LIKELY TURN UP SOON.

THAT'S RIGHT, AS SOON AS THE TROUBLES OVER BOB BENTON TURNS UP!

THERE'S ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN STORE FOR TERROR AND TIM NEXT ISSUE! DON'T MISS IT!

THE BLACK TERROR

Human life holds little value among spies! Murders are committed for the slimmest of reasons — and men will travel around the world to seize an object of importance! — So it was with the figurine of the Balinese war goddess, which led The **Black Terror** into his most exciting adventure!

Along a quiet street in Bob Benton's town, a furtive figure makes its way —

IT'S MINE NOW — AND WHAT IT CONTAINS IS MINE! BUT I'LL NEVER LIVE TO ENJOY IT, UNLESS —

THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO PARK IT, WHILE I COVER MY TRACKS — AND NO ONE CAN OPEN THE THING WITHOUT KNOWING THE EXACT COMBINATION!

ANALYSES MADE

I'D LIKE AN ANALYSIS OF THE GOLD CONTENT OF THIS FIGURINE! I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM BALI, WHERE I PICKED IT UP! I THINK YOU MIGHT CHIP A TINY PIECE FROM THE BASE WITHOUT DOING ANY HARM!

VERY WELL--IT'S A RATHER UNUSUAL JOB, BUT I HAVE THE EQUIPMENT FOR IT! HMM-- IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PIECE!

ISN'T IT? YOU SEE, I'M BRINGING IT TO YOU RATHER THAN TO A JEWELER BECAUSE I DON'T WISH ITS EXISTENCE KNOWN TO THE PROFESSIONAL WORLD YET!

I SEE! IT'LL BE SAFE HERE-- IF YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR NAME, I'LL MAKE OUT A RECEIPT!

RAWLINGS-- THEODORE RAWLINGS IS MY NAME!

I'LL HAVE THE ANALYSIS READY FOR YOU DAY AFTER TOMORROW, MR. RAWLINGS!

Later -- as the strange character leaves a mid-town bus, sharp, sinister eyes fix upon him! And--

THAT'S HIM! LET'S GO!

YEAH-- OF ALL THE NERVE! HE DIDN'T EVEN TROUBLE TO SHAVE OFF HIS MOUSTACHE!

Bob makes his analysis!

SAY, WHERE'D THAT STATUE COME FROM? IS IT REAL GOLD?

MATTER OF FACT, TIM, IT ISN'T! THE POOR FELLOW WHO BROUGHT IT CERTAINLY THOUGHT IT WAS, THOUGH! THIS THING SEEMS TO BE BRASS-- AND EVEN THE GOLD LEAF PAINT ISN'T THE BEST QUALITY!

SOME SHARK PROBABLY SOLD IT TO HIM FOR A LOT OF MONEY! TOO BAD, BUT THOSE THINGS HAPPEN!

WELL, MAYBE HE GOT IT THAT WAY AND MAYBE HE DIDN'T! HE WAS A STRANGE FELLOW-- SORT OF NERVOUS!

Meanwhile -- in Rawlings' apartment--

WHO'S THERE?

SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR THEODORE RAWLINGS!

HERE'S THE SPECIAL DELIVERY, RIATI!

ACE! UGH!

POW!

I DIDN'T--

YOU POOR SAP! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY FROM "STARCH"? HE'S GOT MEN PLASTERED ALL OVER THE CITY LOOKING FOR YOU! YOU KNOW WHAT WE'VE COME FOR! WHERE IS IT?

Swiftly and silently Ace executes the law of "Starch" Cosmo, international spymaster!

With Riati -- alias "Rawlings" -- throttled to death--

I CAN'T FIND IT, ACE! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'S HERE!

I TELL YOU I DIDN'T TAKE IT!

IN THAT CASE--I'LL JUST CARRY OUT THE REST OF "STARCH'S" ORDERS!

LOOK! A RECEIPT FOR A 16-INCH FIGURINE! THIS IS IT!

GOOD! WHERE?

A DRUGSTORE ABOUT HALF A MILE FROM HERE! THIS SHOULD BE A CINCH!

WE'LL GET A BONUS FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!

In a back room of Bob's drugstore--

HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

HUH!

BREAK!

JUST WHAT DO YOJ TH NK YOU'RE DOING?

JUST V SITING' DO YOU MIND?

WE DON'T LIKE VISITORS TH'S TIME OF N GHT, SEE?

TH S SHOULD BE THE ROOM-- HEY!

I GOT H.M. ACE!

BRAK!

GOOD! I'VE GOT THE GODDESS! LET'S SCRAM

Moments later--

BOB! WAKE UP! THEY TOOK THAT STATUE!

OWW.. MY HEAD!

A rapid change -- and the renowned Terror Twins appear--

I'M WITH YOU TERROR!

COME ON, T.M.! WE'RE GOING INTO ACTION NOW!

HEY, TERROR-- WHY'RE WE TURN NG IN HERE?

ACCORDING TO MY DUPLICATE RECEIPT, TH S IS THE ADDRESS OF THE FELLOW WHO BROUGHT THAT FIGURINE TO ME!

Upstairs, a grim scene is enacted in "Rawlings'" room!

NAW-- THIS FELLOW'S NAME ISN'T RAWLINGS-- IT'S **RIATI!** HE'S SUSPECTED OF SPYWORK-- GOT A RECORD WITH US!

THEN HE WAS MURDERED BY THE THUGS WHO BROKE INTO MY DRUGSTORE!

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, TERROR?

THAT FELLOW RIATI BROUGHT THE STATUE TO ME UNDER A DIFFERENT NAME! COME ON, TIM! LET'S DROP IN AT THE POLICE STATION!

I DON'T GET IT, TERROR! WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO WORK ON?

That evening, in their friend Jean's house--

WE HAVEN'T ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF A LEAD NOW, CHIEF! SO WE'VE GOT TO BRING THE CROOKS OUT AFTER **US!** NOW IF YOU'LL JUST RELEASE SOME INFORMATION TO THE PRESS--

ANYTHING YOU SAY, TERROR! WE'LL GIVE YOU FULL COOPERATION.

ALL THIS HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?

GUESS THIS IS ONE YOU MISSED OUT ON, JEAN -- BOY, THIS IS JUST WHAT I WANT!

BLACK TERROR TO JOIN F.B.I. MEN SATURDAY ON RIATI MURDER CASE! BRASS FIGURINE MENTIONED AS POSSIBLE MOTIVE FOR KILLING!

WHAT'S THE SECRET OF THIS FIGURINE?

NEVER MIND-- JEAN! IT'LL ALL COME OUT IN THE WASH!-- SUPPOSE WE TAKE IN A MOVIE TONIGHT AND RELAX!

JUST WHAT DO YOU THINK **WILL** HAPPEN, TERROR?

I THINK WHOEVER'S GOT THAT FIGURINE NOW WILL TRY TO **GET US** BEFORE SATURDAY!

Meanwhile, in "Starch" Cosmo's hideout--

SEE, STARCH? THEY DON'T SAY THEY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT'S **INSIDE** THE STATUE! MAYBE THEY DON'T KNOW **NOTHING** ABOUT IT!

AND MAYBE THEY **DO!** WE'VE GOT TO RUB THEM OUT BEFORE THEY TALK TO THE F.B.I. SATURDAY! THE BLACK TERROR'S A BIG ORDER-- BUT, AS USUAL **STARCH HAS A PLAN!**

Later that night--

THEY WENT INTO THE MOVIE, STARCH! SHOULD BE OUT IN ABOUT FIFTEEN OR TWENTY MINUTES!

OKAY! KEEP AN EYE ON THEIR CAR! WE'LL START TRAILING AS SOON AS YOU GIVE US THE SIGNAL!

As the Black Terror turns his car off a main highway--

PRETTY SWELL SHOW, WASN'T IT, JEAN?

TERROR I THINK --- WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

In the next instant--

LET'S GO, TIM! THIS IS IT!

WHIRR!

Two battling dynamos swing into furious action!

YOU BIT OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW THIS TIME, RATS!

HURRY UP WITH THAT CHLOROFORM!

SOK!

WHUMP!

TERROR! WATCH OUT BEHIND YOU!!

A handkerchief full of chloroform!

THAT'S ONE WAY OF STOPPING HIM

ABOUT THE ONLY WAY, I'D SAY!

OH!!

I'LL SHOW YOU-- UFF!

THE SAME GOES FOR YOU SHRIMP!

TERROR!

JUST A MINUTE, SISTER! YOU'RE COMING, TOO!

OKAY, BOYS! PILE 'EM IN AND LET'S GO!

WHAT'S THE MATTER-- STARCH? YOU LOOK WORRIED!

I'M JUST DOPING OUT A WAY TO WIPE OUT THAT F.B.I. SQUAD COMING UP SATURDAY! WE'VE GOT ABOUT TWELVE HOURS' TIME!

The Terror Twins awaken--

WHERE-- AM I?

OH--MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A BOILER FACTORY!

THEY'RE COMING TO, STARCH! SHOULD I KNOCK 'EM OUT AGAIN?

NO HOLD IT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT WILL NEED THE BLACK TERRORS COOPERATION

THERE ARE A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS I'D LIKE TO ASK FIRST WHERE'S THE GIRL I WAS WITH-- AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT BRASS FIGURINE?

PEOPLE WHO KNOW WHAT IT CONTAINS GENERALLY KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT. LET'S HAVE THAT SUITCASE, ACE!

HERE SHE IS! I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU HEARD ABOUT HER.

LET'S KEEP THAT A PROFESSIONAL SECRET, STARCH! WHAT I'M CURIOUS ABOUT IS THIS FELLOW RIATI-- WHO WAS MURDERED BY YOUR MEN!

RATI WAS ONE OF US-- ONCE! THEN HE THOUGHT HE'D WALK OUT WITH THE FIGURINE-- AFTER WE'D CHASED ALL OVER EUROPE AND PAID A KING'S RANSOM TO GET IT!

I SEE! AND SINCE YOU'RE SO OBLIGING, JUST WHAT **DOES** THE FIGURINE CONTAIN?

SINCE YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE WITH THE INFORMATION, I'LL SHOW YOU-- I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING TEN MEN HAVE BEEN KILLED FOR-- SOMETHING THAT HAS CHANGED HANDS TEN TIMES!

YOU SEE, TO GET IT OPEN, YOU MUST PRESS TWO POINTS AT THE SAME TIME! NO ONE WHO D.DN'T KNOW THEM WOULD EVER HIT UPON IT! IT'S A MATTER OF INNER SPRINGWORK!

HERE'S THE LITTLE SCRAP OF PAPER THAT'S CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE, TERROR! IT'S THE DIAGRAM OF AN INCENDIARY BOMB THAT'LL BEAT ANYTHING YOU'VE SEEN YET!

SO THAT'S IT, STARCH? SELLING THIS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER, EH?

RIGHT! I DON'T KNOW OR CARE WHERE THE PLANS ORIGINATED -- SOMEPLACE IN EUROPE! THE POINT IS TO GET THEM **BACK** TO EUROPE WHERE THE MARKETS ARE!

I'VE GOT A LITTLE DEAL TO MAKE WITH YOU NOW! -- YOU'RE TO CALL YOUR F.B.I. FRIENDS AND TELL THEM TO MEET YOU **HERE!** IN CASE YOU'RE RELUCTANT, REMEMBER I'VE GOT YOUR GIRL FRIEND IN THE NEXT ROOM!

YOU DIRTY RAT! YOU'LL STOP AT NOTHING, WILL YOU?

WHAT'LL WE DO, TERROR? STARCH'LL KILL THEM IF WE TELL THEM TO COME *HERE!*

HELLO! GET ME LONG DISTANCE! WASHINGTON, D.C.!

GOT TO DO IT TO SAVE JEAN--BUT MAYBE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE

HELLO, GRAHAM! YES, THIS IS THE BLACK TERROR! JUST WANTED TO SAY THE MEETING PLACE HAS BEEN CHANGED! MAKE IT HARRISONVILLE!

GO ON-- GIVE HIM FULL INSTRUCTIONS-- ELEVEN-THIRTY TONIGHT! THAT'LL JUST GIVE HIM TIME FOR PLANE CONNECTIONS!

NERVOUS, EH, TERROR? WELL, YOU CAN SPEND THE DAY PACING THE FLOOR IF YOU LIKE--AND I HOPE YOU GET *VERY* TIRED! *HA-HA!*

YOU'VE GOT ME IN A NASTY SPOT, BUT I *DON'T* GET TIRED!

ELEVEN-FIFTEEN! WE SHOULD BE GETTING READY! BRING THE GIRL OUT!

JEAN? WHAT'S SHE GOT TO DO WITH THIS?

RIGHT AWAY, STARCH!

Outside-- a government car speeds closer--

PLENTY! SHE'S GOING TO WALK WITH YOU TWO JUST OUTSIDE THE BARN! IN CASE YOU TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF, WE'LL LET HER HAVE IT!

YOU RAT! ALL RIGHT-- YOU HOLD THE ACES SO FAR!

STARCH'S MEN ARE WATCHING US FROM THE WINDOW!

QUICK, TIM! THAT LOOKS LIKE A STORE OF EXPLOSIVES BY THE BARN OVER THERE! WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, RUN LIKE BLAZES --AND START THE STUFF SOMEHOW!

Guns blaze ruthlessly--

OKAY, TIM-- RUN!

TERROR! WHAT TH--!!

RAT-A-TAT TAT-TAT!

With amazing agility--

THERE! GOT MY HANDS IN FRONT OF ME NOW! LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING UNDER THOSE TARPAULINS! I'LL TAKE ONE OF THEM OUT AND--

Tim hurls a bomb!

NO TIME TO FOOL WITH MATCHES!

The single explosive becomes ten--a hundred--as Starch's arsenal blows up!

MADE IT!

THERE! I'VE RIPPED MY BONDS! NOW I'LL FIGHT!

THUD!

Starch's men flee the doomed barn!

YOU SET 'EM UP, AND I'LL KNOCK 'EM DOWN!

AAAAGH!

BIFF!

Moments later--

THAT WAS SOME CLOSE SHAVE, TERROR! BUT YOU'VE GOT STARCH COSMO! WE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM!

THIS STORY WILL TAKE A LOT OF EXPLAINING-- BUT IT STARTED WITH A BRASS FIGURINE! TOO BAD IT HAD TO GET LOST IN THE EXPLOSION!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN--LOST? HERE IT IS! AFTER WHAT THIS THING HAS BEEN THROUGH, I GUESS IT CAN'T BE DESTROYED!

WE DO HAVE A PRESENT FOR WASHINGTON, AFTER ALL! GRAHAM, THAT HOLDS THE PLANS FOR THE GREATEST AERIAL WEAPON IN HISTORY!

THE BLACK TERROR AND TIM WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!!

CANADIAN BOY

By CHARLES S. STRONG

Young Jerry Carlyle Does His Bit in the War on U-Boats!

JERRY CARLYLE lived in a small fishing village a few miles from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. His father often went out onto the Banks fishing for cod, and ever since he was old enough to weave a seine or fasten hooks to a cod line, Jerry planned to be a good fisherman, too.

But the war had changed things along the Nova Scotia coast. Now a fisherman could never tell when a German submarine was going to move up to the shoreline and shell the fishermen. Often Jerry and his playmates could see the Canadian corvettes following the course of a German raider.

One night his father came home with an expression of dismay on his face. At the supper table, he said: "I don't know what we're going to do. The Royal Canadian Navy is patrolling all day and night, but with all these modern devices like sonic detectors and radar and all that, the Germans are still able to evade them."

"Do you think the submarines have the same kind of devices?" Jerry asked.

"Sure thing," replied Captain Carlyle. "That's what makes it so hard. Why, there's one submarine so bold that it's been running a course between Cape Sable and Halifax Harbor for weeks!"

"I'll bet I could find it," Jerry said calmly.

There was nothing boastful about his words. His father and mother didn't make fun of him. They knew that it would not be long before Jerry and his playmates would be manning the big fishing boats.

"More power to you," Captain Carlyle replied.

Thus encouraged, Jerry Carlyle, and a sixteen-year-old companion, Fred Miller, set out in Jerry's small sail-boat the next morning. Young Carlyle carried a crude drawing of the route his father believed the submarine was taking. Fred's contribution to the expedition was a small radio transmitter. Both boys

were thrilled at the prospect of adventure.

Early in the afternoon, as they were cruising along, Jerry suddenly said:

"There's white water out there. It doesn't look like a school of fish. It's the periscope of a submarine. See if you can contact the corvette."

Fred worked on his radio set, while Jerry tacked the sails, and kept the streaking white wake before him. This was really exciting.

"I've got them," Fred finally said enthusiastically. "They're coming out this way. What happens now?"

"We've got to keep an eye on that submarine. We don't want it to dive and get away," Jerry explained. "But there won't be too much danger of that. My father says that usually, when the corvettes come up, the submarine just shuts off its motors, and the sounding devices have nothing to go on."

The boys followed the submarine for some time, then sure enough the white wake suddenly stopped. Over the horizon toward Halifax, with a bone in its teeth, came the corvette Assiniboine. Fred was jumping up and down in the small sail-boat, and it looked as though they were going to be too late. Jerry calmed him down.

Young Carlyle stood up and wig-wagged to the corvette with a pair of Boy Scout's semaphore flags. The corvette swept around in a wide curve, and its fantail sped right over the spot where the hidden submarine was resting. Suddenly depth charges whipped over the stern, and splashed into the water.

"There it goes!" shouted Jerry. "Watch those explosions."

As the depth charges exploded under water, suddenly the sea was covered with a big oil slick, and pieces of the wrecked submarine. After a while, the corvette pulled up alongside Jerry's boat, and Lieutenant Mason, one of the Lunenburg boys in command said: "Good work, Jerry. But how did you outfox them?"

"Simple," laughed Jerry "My sail-boat has no metal work, and no motor, so they couldn't pick me up on their sound detectors. That's how we were able to follow the sub and show you it's location. You fellows ought to try sail-boats once in a while!"

The Canadian sailors laughed, and congratulated Jerry on his first U-Boat capture.

The BLACK TERROR

A JAP PLOT TO POISON AMERICA'S TOP MILITARY OFFICIALS FINDS MEEK DRUGGIST BOB BENTON--SECRETLY DEMOCRACY'S FIGHTING DEFENDER, THE MIGHTY BLACK TERROR--READY AND WILLING TO MEET THE CHALLENGE!

BOB BENTON, WITH HIS FRIENDS TIM AND JEAN, PAYS A VISIT TO AN OLD FRIEND...

JIM TRAYNOR'S JUST BEEN MADE A MAJOR GENERAL! I'M GOING OVER TO CONGRATULATE HIM! HE PHONED ME ABOUT IT THIS AFTERNOON!

THAT'S A REALLY HIGH RANK! HE'S BECOMING A PRETTY IMPORTANT COG IN OUR WAR MACHINE, ISN'T HE?

M IS A CODE EXPERT! HE--

OH, MR BENTON, I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO GENERAL TRAYNOR! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CALL THE DOCTOR!

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S... DEAD! THE SYMPTOMS SEEM TO INDICATE HEART FAILURE!

HEART FAILURE! BUT HOW CAN THAT BE? THIS AFTERNOON YOU TOLD ME HE'D PASSED A STRICT PHYSICAL EXAMINATION ONLY YESTERDAY!

THAT'S WHAT HAS ME PUZZLED! I'M GOING TO TAKE A SAMPLE OF HIS BLOOD FOR ANALYSIS!

LATER...

THE DOCTOR PUT DOWN THE CAUSE OF THE GENERAL'S DEATH AS HEART FAILURE, BOB

IF HE'D BEEN SUSPICIOUS ENOUGH TO MAKE A TEST, HE WOULD HAVE FOUND OUT DIFFERENTLY--AS I DID! JIM TRAYNOR WAS POISONED!

THE POISON WAS CARACA, AN ALMOST UNKNOWN, BUT VERY DEADLY DRUG, OBTAINED FROM A RARE SOUTH AMERICAN PLANT! OUR NEXT JOB IS TO FIND OUT HOW IT WAS GIVEN TO JIM!

AT THE TRAYNOR HOME...

YOU WERE GENERAL TRAYNOR'S COOK! TELL ME... DID ALL HIS FOOD ALWAYS COME FROM THE SAME SOURCES?

WELL, ALMOST ALWAYS! BUT JUST TODAY, SOMEBODY SENT HIM A GIFT SHIPMENT OF BANANAS FROM SOUTH AMERICA! I SERVED THEM TO HIM WITH CREAM FOR SUPPER!

THAT'S OUR ANSWER! CARACA COMES FROM A REMOTE AMAZONIAN REGION, NEAR THE JUNGLE TOWN OF SEBA! I'M GOING DOWN THERE!

I'LL GO WITH YOU, BOB!

AND I! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME BEHIND ON AN IMPORTANT TRIP LIKE THIS, BOB BENTON!

A QUICK FLIGHT, A TREK THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND--

THERE'S SEBA 'NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S WHAT!

I HOPE WE HAVEN'T COME ALL THIS WAY FOR NOTHING!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR...

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE A PLANTATION OWNER AROUND HERE, SENOR DEL MARTE, AS WELL AS MAYOR! PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL US EXACTLY WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE CARACA PLANT!

I'LL BE GLAD TO, MR BENTON!

ABOUT TWO AND A HALF MILES NORTH OF SEBA, YOU WILL COME UPON AN UNUSUAL GROVE OF TREES! FROM WHERE...

MUY INTERESANTE! STRANGERS INQUIRING ABOUT THE CARACA PLANT! MY JAPANESE FRIENDS WILL PAY WELL FOR THAT INFORMATION!

NEXT MORNING...

OF COURSE, THERE MAY BE MORE THAN ONE SOURCE OF THE CARACA POISON AROUND HERE, AND THIS MAY NOT BE THE ONE WE'RE LOOKING FOR! BUT IF IT IS, WE MAY BE IN FOR TROUBLE!

THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD WE MADE JEAN STAY BEHIND! SHE MIGHT GET HURT!

SUDDENLY...A MOVEMENT IN THE UNDERBRUSH!

LOOK OUT, TIM!!

WE ALMOST GOT IT THAT TIME, TIM! BUT THOSE JAPS ARE IN FOR A LITTLE SURPRISE, THEMSELVES!

THEY DIDN'T EXPECT MUCH OPPOSITION, BUT INSTEAD THEY'LL FIND...

BOOM!

SACRED ANCESTORS! THE BLACK TERROR!

IN PERSON--AND NOT A MOVING PICTURE!

POW!

HERE'S WHERE I CRACK A COUPLE OF COCONUTS!

CRACK!

I LIKE CLIPPING THEM ONE AT A TIME--MAKES THE PLEASURE LAST LONGER!

SOK!

YOUR PLEASURE WILL SOON END, FOOL--FOREVER!

THUD!

WHAM!

ANOTHER STRANGER APPROACHES--A GIRL! SEIZE HER!

JEAN!

THE TERROR TWINS! HOW D D YOU GET HERE?

WE FLEW IN... AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!

SO THERE WAS D RTY WORK AFOOT WITH THAT CARACA! YOU BIRDS MUST BE PLANNING TO PULL THAT SAME POISON TRICK ON SOME OF OUR OTHER MILITARY OFFICIALS!

IS ACC.RATE DEDUCTION! BUT YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO LEARN OF IT! BLACK TERROR IS NIPPON'S WORST ENEMY! YOU MUST DIE... BUT SLOWLY!

IN THE JAP JUNGLE CAMP...

THIS INJECTION CONTAINS A NON-FATAL DOSE OF CARACA... BUT IT WILL PARALYZE THE MIGHTY BLACK TERROR UNTIL WE RETURN!

THE LOCAL INDIANS HELP US OBTAIN CARACA! YOUR TWO FRIENDS WILL BE GIVEN TO THEM AS SACRIFICES TO THEIR SUN GOD! THEN I RETURN TO ADMINISTER ADDITIONAL DOSE OF CARACA THAT WILL CAUSE YOU SLOW DEATH! GOODBYE!

ALONE!

CAN'T MOVE... PARALYZED... BUT I'VE GOT TO... GET UP! GOT TO...

A TREMENDOUS EFFORT, AND..

MADE IT! NOW IF I CAN EMPTY THE HYPODERMIC AND... FILL IT WITH WATER...

STAGGERING BACK TO THE COT...

THERE! MAYBE THAT'LL PUT A CRIMP IN THE JAP'S PLANS!

WHEN THE JAPS RETURN...

THEY DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THE EFFECT OF THEIR DRUG HAS NEARLY WORN OFF! I'LL PLAY THEIR GAME A WHILE LONGER, THOUGH!

HO! NOW WE ATTEND TO GREAT AMERICAN BLACK TERROR!

AFTER DEATH OF BLACK TERROR, WE WILL RETURN AND WATCH SAVAGES SACRIFICE HIS TWO FRIENDS!

HE WOULDN'T BE SO HAPPY IF HE KNEW THERE WAS ONLY WATER IN THAT HYPODERMIC! I'LL HAVE TO PRETEND TO DIE -- SLOWLY!

HE IS FINISHED NOW!

OHHH..

TAKE HIS CORPSE OUTSIDE AND LOAD IT IN CART! HE WILL TROUBLE NIPPON NO MORE!

UGH! HE IS HEAVY!

NOW WE DISPOSE OF HIS BODY AND GO TO WATCH SACRIFICE! IT WILL BE GREAT SPORT!

AT THE TOP OF A GREAT CLIFF...

NOW--TILT THE CART AND DROP HIS BODY OVER! IT WILL NEVER BE FOUND!

GREAT SCOTT! I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS!

CLIMBING SWIFTLY TO THE TOP...

THERE THEY GO! NOW IT'S UP TO ME TO TRAIL THEM UNTIL I FIND OUT WHERE TIM AND JEAN ARE!

A LUCKY GRAB!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! HOPE THOSE JAPS DIDN'T SEE ME!

NOW I PLUNGE THIS SACRED KNIFE INTO--

TRY THIS SACRED FIST ON YOUR JAW, MEDICINE MAN!

MOMENTS LATER...

WE ARE HERE, GREAT CHIEF! OUR PLEASURE WILL BE ENDLESS AT DEATH OF TWO MORE ENEMIES OF GLORIOUS JAPANESE EMPEROR!

SEEMS I'M JUST IN TIME!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE WAS RETURNED FROM THE DEAD!

THE SPEARS! THEY DO NOT HARM HIM! HE IS NOT HUMAN!

SOK!

COME ON, TIM AND JEAN! KREAG'S ANATOMY TO DO!

SNAP!

FLEE! FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES!

YOU'RE THE CHIEF, HEY? THEN IT'S YOUR PRIVILEGE TO RECEIVE MY ATTENTION FIRST!

THUD!

POW!!

IT'S YOUR TURN NOW, JAPPIES!

AND HERE'S MY CONTRIBUTION!

WHAM!

SOK!

UGH!

SMAK!

AND THIS FINISHES OFF THE JAP POISON PLOT!

THE BLACK TERROR ALWAYS COMES THROUGH!

WATCH FOR THE BLACK TERROR!

SHAVE AND A SHINE

By CHARLES STODDARD

Tony Gallo Puts One Over on a Dangerous Thief!

YOUNG Tony Gallo worked after school in his father's barber shop. He was planning a bright future and the money he earned on his shoe shines would pay a lot of his expenses. Besides his work helped his father, too. One afternoon, however, things began to happen on the quiet business street where Mr. Gallo had his shop. The burglar alarm on the jewelry store two doors away started to ring with a loud clangor.

"Someone is robbing Mr. Jensen," said Tony. As he spoke, a man came hurrying into the barber shop. He took off his coat, hung it on the clothes rack, and climbed into the chair.

Both Mr. Gallo and Tony were surprised to see a gun in the man's hand. Brandishing the gun, he said:

"Don't get excited, and no one will be hurt. Just cover me up with that big apron there, and start shaving, and don't let that razor slip—or I'll shoot your son!"

Mr. Gallo followed instructions, because he didn't want anything to happen to Tony. The boy watched the jewel thief, and realized that the man was pretty clever. With the burglar alarm going off, people would naturally expect the burglar to get as far away from the jewelry store as possible. But here he was getting a shave in the barber chair two doors away!

As the barber worked, the jewel thief said:

"If the police come in here, don't get any funny ideas. I'm just another customer, and you didn't see the hold-up man. Remember that, or this gun in my lap might go off."

Mr. Gallo nodded again, and went ahead with his work. Finally Tony said:

"Shine, Mister?"

The jewel thief frowned, then replied:

"Okay, it'll keep you out of trouble."

Tony brought around his shoe-shine box, sat down on the stool, and started to shine the jewel thief's shoes. Out-

side the window there was a great deal of excitement. People were running toward the jewelry store. Police radio cars roared up. Uniformed patrolmen joined the group to take care of the crowd.

Finally Officer Flanagan came along, checking on possible witnesses.

He walked into the barber shop, looked casually at the man in the chair with a heavy lather on his face, then turned to Mr. Gallo and asked:

"See anything of a jewel thief, Joe?"

"Not a thing," replied Joe promptly. The jewel thief relaxed and threw his head back against the chair rest, and there was a movement under the apron indicating that his hand was off the gun.

"Okay," replied Officer Flanagan. "I'll look in the back of your place to make sure he didn't sneak through here."

Joe Gallo had no objection and the bluecoat walked away. He came back several moments later, and waved at the barber and his customer, saying:

"Nobody back there."

There was a tense moment in the barber shop. Then Officer Flanagan moved around the barber as though to head for the door. Instead he whipped out his gun, jammed it into the back of the seated jewel thief and said:

"Stick them up, crook, and don't go for that gun in your lap!"

The amazed jewel thief obeyed docilely. Flanagan whipped the apron from his neck, and grabbed the pistol the crook was holding. Then he searched the crook and located the missing jewels. Joe Gallo handed him a towel to wipe off the soap.

"You were pretty clever, Mister," the officer told the jewel thief, "but the youngster here outguessed you. I'd never have thought of looking under that soap for a crook. Especially when the barber was willing to back you up!"

As he spoke, Flanagan pointed to the linoleum floor. There, printed in shoe polish, Joe Gallo and the jewel thief read: "Crook in chair. Has gun. Careful."

The barber patted his son on the shoulder. The boy was sure a quick thinker!

VOLTO FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!

BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!

AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND **REPELS**...

VOLTO

JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND **ATTRACTS!**

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!

VOLTO

AND LATER—AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP— **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

SAY! THIS IS **GREAT!** THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU—BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

Grape Nuts Flakes

WHOLE GRAIN

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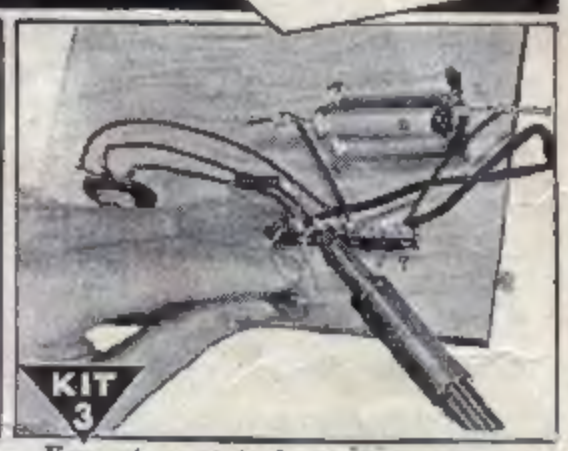

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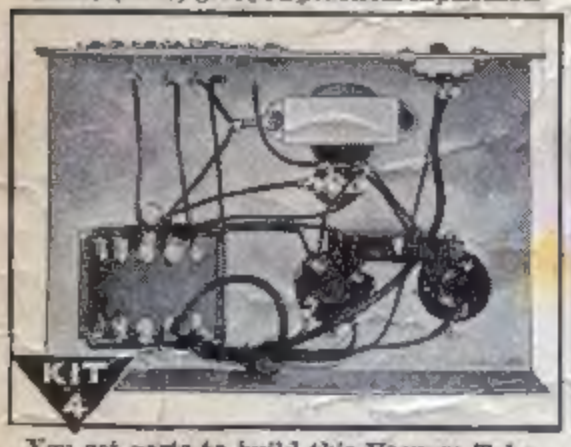

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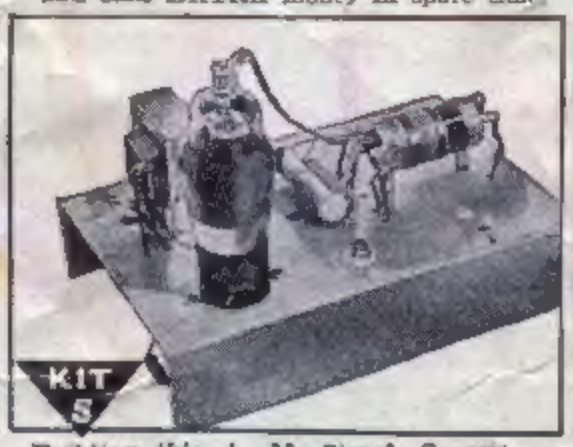

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